

America the Syndrome

You, in dreaming, twitch.
Partner, Carl or Carla says
that's enough! Restless

Leg Syndrome like on TV,
and you eventually visit
doctor for pills. Fortunately,
you live in a modern house
which has a medicine room,
so things are just not stuffed
helter-skelter. Our evolving
medical complexity
demands such order, of course.
Religious people, which you and
Carl/Carla are decidedly NOT, pray
to be spared
new syndromes.